

The Mirror

OF

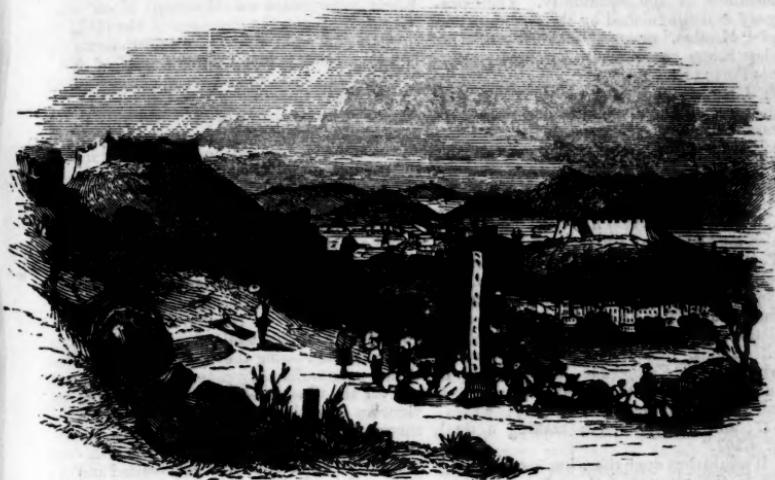
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 14]

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1845.

[VOL. 1, 1845



MACAO.

MACAO.

This island, situated at the mouth of the Tigris, we had occasion to mention in describing the retreat of Camoens. It became of some importance during the late strife with China, and in consequence a more particular knowledge was gained of its present condition and former history than we previously possessed. Like all the colonies of Spain and Portugal, it appears to have been much neglected and misgoverned. At present, it is said to be in such a miserable condition, that a large portion of its inhabitants are expected to seek an asylum in the English neighbouring settlement of Hong Kong.

That part of the population of Macao which claims to be Portuguese, in round numbers, may be set down at 5,000, exclusive of the military; but of this number a very small proportion are of European birth or parentage: of all the Portuguese resident in Macao not more than 100 were born in Portugal, or in Portuguese dominions, except those of Asia. The last census was taken, we believe, in 1834. At

NO 1260.

that time the population was set down at 3,793 free people, and 1,300 slaves; the greater portion of the latter being slaves. There were at that period seventy-five males and two females of pure blood, and European birth. This included a governor, six ecclesiastics, a few military officers, merchants, and seafaring men. We are not aware of any important change since then that has taken place, with the exception of a temporary increase in the Chinese population, during the few years the English merchants were residents of Macao: now that they—the English—have removed to Hong Kong, the Chinese population may be set down at 30,000, or about the same number as in 1834.

A Swedish writer, with an English prefix to his name, Sir Andrew Ljungstet, speaks of Macao as having been in part peopled by those who ought to have been sent to the galleys. He says, "some of this unholy stock respected neither friends nor foes: they seized every opportunity to enrich their commander and his horde. They were at times pirates or

M

VOL. XLV.

smugglers; at times strolling merchants. Several of this contaminated caste settled, no doubt, at Macao, with men of more correct morals. By this mixture, those who had reluctantly run the race of vice, were by good example recalled to the comforts of social life, which were soon enhanced by nuptial ties. Malay, Chinese, Japanese, and other women became their partners in wedlock, and mothers of a generation, the descendants of which are perhaps still members of the community. Their progeny is distinguished by the denomination of "Mestico," or mongrels. Next to this class range those whose forefathers were not Portuguese, but either Malays, Chinese, or Japanese converts; but they, like the posterity of the Portuguese, are *free citizens*. In a representation, written in 1821, to be presented to the constitutional King John, as it is averred, that in 1583 there were at Macao 900 Portuguese, besides women, slaves, and many hundred of Chinese children, that had been purchased; also a great many people who came from Portuguese ports in Asia; and that at the latter end of the seventeenth century, the population of Macao amounted to 19,500 souls; in 1821 to no more than 4,600, consisting of free men, slaves, and people of all nations, including Chinese converts, who dress *à l'Europeenne*—viz., free natural subjects, above fifteen years of age, 604 individuals; under fifteen, 473; slaves, 537; and women, 2,693; making a total of 4,307."

It would thus seem there has been a falling off to the amount of three-fourths of the whole population; an enormous falling off, certainly, but not wholly unaccountable, if we may believe what we read of the absurd tyranny of the Portuguese laws, till within a century from this date. What, for instance, will be thought of the following. "In 1744, an edict was passed forbidding the natives, under a penalty of ten taels, from wearing a wig or covering themselves with an umbrella. One Matheo de Souza, petitioned the senate, and was allowed the use of both, as he proved himself to be, by the side of his mother, from the lineage of a Portuguese. It may be unnecessary to say that all these ridiculous distinctions have been long done away with."

Where such ridiculous, but oppressive edicts are sanctioned, men will if possible fly from their governors.

The revenue of Macao is raised from duties paid on goods imported, the inhabitants being neither burdened with a poll-tax, nor with taxes on houses or windows; but from the limited trade the revenue is much less than the expenditure. At present the government is in great distress for *tunca* to meet their unavoidable expenses,

though they are reduced to the lowest scale. The troops are unpaid, and said to be mutinous; money has even been borrowed upon anticipated duties, but still they are unfortunately in arrears. We have no correct statement of revenue and expenditure to which we can refer for the past ten years. In 1834 the gross amount of duties was 75,283 taels. The expenditure for the same year 89,900 taels, leaving a deficit of about 13,000 taels, or £3,500 sterling. The whole government establishment is on a very small scale, the expenses of the civil, ecclesiastic, and military establishments scarcely being equal to the profits of a respectable mercantile firm, yet with all this economy they cannot keep out of debt. In the early days of the settlement, through the improvidence or dishonesty of the administrators, Macao was deeply indebted to the government of Portugal. In 1784, Lazar da Silva Ferreira, by command of Mary, then Queen of Portugal, examined the accounts of the senate, and found a deficiency of 320,000 taels, which had been fraudulently lent by the members of government to their friends and relatives. It was impossible to impose a tax sufficiently heavy to reimburse the royal government for the defalcation of the local one, without ruining the settlement. The Queen magnanimously cancelled the debt, and for the time saved Macao. Under the vigorous administration of Da Silva and his successor Anthony Pereira dos Santos, for a time a new order of things was established. The revenue was economised and increased to the year 1802, which was its maximum, the amount being 173,690 taels; from that period it gradually fell off, and it is doubtful whether it amounts now to 40,000 taels, or £12,000. In 1564, Portugal commanded the trade of India, Japan, and China, though their pride was deeply shocked at the supreme indifference with which the Chinese treated them. Their atrocities at Ningpo and Macao, and their subsequent servility, had opened the eyes of the Celestials to their true character, and unfortunately for other European adventurers, they had come to the conclusion that all western nations were alike. The senate of Macao complained to the viceroy of Gos, of the contempt with which the Chinese authorities treated them, confessing however that, "it was owing more to the Portuguese themselves than to the Chinese." The Chinese were obliged to restrict the commerce of Portugal to the port of Macao, in 1631. A partnership was then formed with some Chinese dealers in Canton, who were to furnish exports and take delivery of imports at Macao. This scheme did not suit the Chinese; they were dissatisfied with their partners, and speedily dissolved the connection. In 1637

a deputation of six gentlemen commissioned to negotiate for the liberty of again trading at Canton were despatched from Macao, but they did not succeed in the object of their mission. The people of Canton petitioned the emperor not to allow the Portuguese to come there. To this petition the assent of the sovereign was publicly declared in Macao on the 11th of June, 1640. Though legally debarred from Canton, the Portuguese continued to carry on an illicit trade; as Naverette, a Spanish missionary, writes, in 1659, that "the merchants of Macao having concluded their transactions at Canton, on their return, were accompanied by a convoy of ten or twelve Chinese vessels, and a guard of twenty soldiers.

We pass over the intervening years, and bring our subject down to 1720, when a new era dawned on the commerce of China. That year a few chests of opium were imported from the coast of Coromandel, which paid well, and the demand increasing, "the government of Goa (we again quote from the Swedish author) strove to secure to Macao the exclusive market; but instead of affording convenience, prohibitions were issued against taking opium on freight, or buying it from the English and French, who were obliged to sell it to the Chinese, at such a rate that the price at Macao became quite dull, languid, and unprofitable. The quality, also, was very unequal, some being worth only seventy taels, when a better description was worth 225 tael per picul. This disadvantage ceased when the British company resolved to take it under their own control. Had liberal measures been pursued at the time, any quantity might now be landed at Macao; but about twenty years ago the abuse of individual influence strained every nerve to compel foreign dealers in that drug to submit to restriction to which they neither could nor would submit." The scheme failed, and a convenient harbour was found at Lintin. The Portuguese merchants, however, continued their traffic, and no inconsiderable portion of the revenue was raised from *duties* on the drugs. In 1834 more than one-third of the entire revenue was drawn from this source.

The Portuguese trading to and from Macao, are subject to degrading restrictions by the Chinese. These, perhaps, make them impatient of their freer English neighbours, and we find *O Procurador*, their organ, very fiercely attacking the Hong Kong people, and it is said of the conductor of the *Hong Kong Gazette*— "*The enlightened editor of lies holds the bitter cup of blasphemy in his hand.*" The English writer scornfully replies— "Your voice is too weak to reach further than the ears of your countrymen, and even they will blush for your vulgar scurrility: they

come here in their distress, they find a place of refuge, and earn money to support their families, from the people against whom your impotent shafts are pointed."

DISTINCTIVE PECULIARITIES OF LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

(Concluded from page 245.)

In certain respects, love and friendship will be found to be akin, though love being a stronger, is also a more jealous affection. Marriage ought to be a state of friendship, first formed, and still continually strengthened by passion, in which the friends, by uniting their interests, have a constant uninterrupted enjoyment of each other. It is the chaste ardour of a sacred friendship, softened, refined, and exalted into love. Nature aids the union, and reason approves it. Can any condition bid fairer for happiness than that in which the mutual delights of friendship can only be torn from us by the hand of death? Were we deterred from every pursuit by the apprehension which the frailties and follies of our nature might bring upon us, we should never be either virtuous or happy, but might languish away our lives in solitary or unsocial indolence. To avoid the attacks of human inconstancy, marriage is surely the best institution in the world, for what could be more likely to fix the inconstant than the habitual intercourse of kindness and good offices—than that gratitude and confidence which are due to the remembrance of affectionate tenderness, and those dear pledges which must depend for happiness and support on the unanimity of their parents? Ought not love thus to cherish friendship, and friendship to cherish love? and does not he that despises the one, treat with contumely and contempt the other? In comparing the two further, it may be observed that love being thus connected with or aspiring to marriage, is, for many reasons, more fatally exposed to opposition, which wonderfully increases its ardour and energy. The poet, who was a master of human nature, as well as of the drama, has declared, what has passed as an axiom, that the course of true love never runs smooth. The pleasures of real love are perhaps the most delicate, refined, and sensible of any we are capable of enjoying, but those are fortunate lovers who are indemnified by these for the many uneasy hours, the restless anxieties, and the painful apprehensions they undergo. Unlike friendship, love cannot long continue separated from its object without pain, much less see it

inseparably for life united to another. More than half the marriages in our country are in direct opposition to some parent, relatives, or friends. In fact, our population would soon decrease in proportion as it has increased, if they were to be always consulted with implicit obedience. But friendship is not thus frequently interrupted, calumniated, and outraged. There may be some exceptions, but those persons who cannot stand banter and opposition, seldom enter the marriage state, and if they did, they would be unworthy members. In this case the duty of friendship is also that of love, from which no sanction of parental authority can claim relaxation. Can He, in whose hand our trust is, command us to wed those whom he has not enabled us to love? Can the True, the Just, the Merciful, have ordained we should reciprocate the embraces of those for whom we feel no tenderness, and have ordained a perfidious, a loveless, and a joyless prostitution? To marry without love is to rebel against nature, God, and society, which, like all other wickedness that a parent may demand, it becomes the duty of the child to refuse to obey. "What," observes the amiable and pious Dr. Langhorne, "is it possible that anything can induce a parent to make his child miserable? I was not ignorant of the depravity of man, but I thought the affections of nature could not have been overcome. Yes; if it is so, can there be any obligation on the child to take the portion of misery that her parent holds out to her? The obligation of children to parents can only be founded in gratitude; and where no favour is shown, no gratitude can be due. It is impossible that, in any circumstances, you should be more miserable, but it is very possible that you may be happier, while the moments of liberty remain; and let not those hearts, which heaven has formed for each other, be separated by man." As well betray an absent, slandered, or injured, friend, by joining with his foes, as violate the vows given to an absent lover. Love is yet more than friendship often regarded by many as no longer essential to human nature, as an Utopian idea, existing only in the imagination of poets and enthusiasts; hence, every tendency to it is ridiculed as romantic, and modern marriages made contracts of convenience. When the lovers—lovers now no longer—find themselves mistaken—that large estates and high honours are not happiness, coldness and indifference blight their joy, ere the marriage torch is extinct. Thus they sacrifice to vanity, and reap the fruits in discontent, aversion, and disgust.

Let not the heart of youth be here drawn by any allurement, tempted by any sophistry, or its foot be driven by any terror, from the path of virtue. While thou art here

thou art in safety, advancing towards happiness as fast as time can carry thee; although the world should unite against thee, by the united world thou canst not be hurt. The tempest which roots up the forest is driven over the mountain with unabated rage, but from the mountain what can it take more than vegetable dust, which the hand of nature has scattered over the moss that covers it. As the dust is to the mountain, so is all that the storms of life can take from virtue, to the sum of good which the Omnipotent has appointed for its reward. A heart formed for love and friendship will, sooner or later, here, or hereafter be rewarded, and will even find dress and nourishment, where ambition, selfishness, and avarice are found naked and shivering, and they will grow by opposition, and profit from assaults; unlike the former—often miserable when successful, resembling the rock slightly covered with earth; the crags are left bare by the rain that washed them, and the same showers that fertilise the field, can only discover the sterility of the rock. But what are the difficulties which love and hope cannot surmount? They despise the threats of danger, and the toils of labour, and proceed with resolution through those perplexities, which, by other eyes, are beheld with despair.

What mere mercenary views or lust are considered with regard to love—that all selfish and sordid motives are to friendship; and in both instances, when those are betrayed who have betrayed, disappointment and grief are roused to indignation. Love and friendship constitute the hoarded treasure of the virtuous; the thought of possessing them soothes all their anguish with a miser's happiness, who, blest by the consciousness of sudden wealth, despises cold and hunger, and rejoices in the midst of all the miseries that make poverty dreadful; but driven from this refuge, this last retreat, the soul, desolate and forlorn, looks round with terror on its own blank, appalling wretchedness.

Love is more readily formed than friendship, which requires time to mature its ascendancy, though even here there are numerous exceptions. There is a mysterious sympathy in love, which does not require the forms of long acquaintance; they are already prepared for one another; and the soul, the character, is seen in the face; and, once brought together, they cannot be severed, in which it may perhaps resemble lust; but unlike that, it says, "I do not want a slave, but a friend; not merely a woman, but a wife. If I find Alcida such as my fancy has represented her—if her mind corresponds with her form—and if I have reason to think that she can give her heart, and not merely her hand, I shall be happy."

Love more frequently obscures the judgment, and it often renders the most sensible ridiculous, and not unfrequently resembles genius, and we transfer the words of Dryden:—

“Love’s fire to madness surely is allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.”

The more there is of friendship in love the purer, the stronger, the more enduring, its flame. To engender this, there must be more respect for the female character. Friendship can only exist between equals, the interchange of soul with soul can only thus be habitually pleasing or profitable. The education of women, and the sentiments of gallantry, are alike unfavourable to the cultivation of the female mind. Love is nature’s friendship, or the friendship of the sexes, and those who would lower the intellectual character of the female sex, will so far undermine the social fabric of love, friendship, and marriage.

We need not wait the tedious term of seventy years to prove what seventeen would easily demonstrate were an equal number of boys and girls put under the same master, to be educated exactly alike; for we are of opinion that the different diversions and employments of each sex cause a very different operation in the mind. But without the advantage such an experiment would give, many of the sex have discovered enough to prove our assertion. Socrates, the wisest of the ancients, owns himself indebted to Diotime for his best instructions in philosophy; the composers of the Greek alphabet had a female assistant; and not long since there was a lady in France, who, at twenty-two years of age, was admitted a member in the Academy of Sciences, and her lectures were always attended to with the utmost deference, not by way of complaisance, but for their beauty, strength, and perspicuity; and though we cannot, at this distance of time, particularise the subject, yet we remember there was one very singular and abstruse, which was treated of by the brightest members of that learned society with all the skill emulative order could give, and the young lady was allowed by all that venerable body, and by every person present, to have set the matter in the best and cleverest light. Numberless instances might be quoted to the same purpose, but this single one is alone sufficient to prove there is no natural inferiority in the rational capacity; and yet we cannot forbear adding, that the lady who attained the papal dignity, under the habit of a man, helps also to prove that they are by nature qualified for the highest offices. The author of our being, knowing the pride and vanity of man’s heart, how apt he would be to run into the supercilious error of an assumed natural superiority of understanding, and how earnestly he would endeavour

to inculcate the same notion in the contrary sex to secure their homage and obedience, seems to us to have guarded against it by putting the children of Israel—his own and faithful people, a numerous, powerful, and warring nation—under the sole government of a woman; and the noblest princes of Judah unanimously submitted to their great mistress, Deborah. These and other considerations render us favourable to the belief of a natural equality. But in thus pleading we would not be regarded as enemies to the present establishment, or as those who have an inclination to break through that order of government which has so long prevailed in the world; nor, were we able, would we wrest the power out of those hands in which, for many reasons, we think it justly placed. But we must still insist that a woman is equal to a man, as being of the same species, and endowed with every faculty which distinguishes him from the brute. Yet we allow every husband to be superior to his wife, as a king is superior to every subject, by his royal authority, but, considered in his natural capacity, many of his subjects may be his superior; so every husband is superior to his wife, not as a man, but as a husband, being made so by the nature of the contract; and while he governs by law and equity, every woman ought to pay a cheerful obedience; but, should he grow tyrannical, and by violence or cruelty distress the subject he has sworn to cherish and preserve, with care and indulgence, we own we are so much old whigs, in our matrimonial principles, that *passive obedience* and *non-resistance* should form no part of our creed.

Friendship is of a more calm and even nature than love; the one is founded principally on the person, the latter on the character; the one calls forth all the poetry of our nature, the other all its refined moral sensibilities. Love often gives a new energy and vitality to all the intellectual powers; the most timid, under its influence, grow courageous and daring; even the shrinking maid, with her attenuated form and soft zephyr voice, at its bidding, is ready to face all the united banners of Xerxes, Alexander, Caesar, Tamerlane, and Bonaparte. But let the fair maid exult in the happy thought, that whatever may be the slavery and degradation of their sex in China or India, they may wed whom they please, even parents having no more legal than moral right to dictate, being but as infants, or the dead, before as much as after twenty-one, when Mademoiselle, if not before sped to Gretna, may walk or ride to church with the “young Egyptian Mussulman” as freely and fearlessly as a young swan pounces into the smiling stream in summer. Love, unlike friendship, often

calls forth some of the worst passions of our nature; the sly slanderous assassin now makes his *debut*, as full of cunning as of malice, like wild beasts of prey that leave their den at night, and write here and there to bring its object into odium, whilst the social ties and affections are often disrupted. But, as that minister is nothing worth who cannot make the devil roar, so neither is the lover who cannot make the nerves of senseless and causeless opposition, suspicion, and spite, to tremble. But let not lovers act on the base, unchristian spirit of revenge, though their adversaries are fully in their power, for soul-thrilling love will never consort with implacable hate. It is well, at all times, but more especially in love, to have the due proportion of the lion and the lamb, the serpent and the dove. You may as well reason with the whirlwind, as prate or look glum to a sincere, virtuous, passionate lover.

To conclude with free and cordial invitation to love, friendship, and marriage, if you would be lovely you must be loving; to gain and grow wealthy in friendship you must first cherish its suggestions at home, and render yourself worthy of its confidence and tenderness. When Socrates was rallied on account of the smallness of his house, he made reply that, "he should be well satisfied if he could but see it filled with real friends." A true friend is earth's greatest treasure, Heaven's choicest gift, and the whole world is but a bauble to a good husband or wife, without which all mere worldly accumulations and distinctions are but turning the sun into darkness and the moon into blood. But with these even stones are converted into bread. Selfish, cold-blooded, dark-brooding man is the only unloving creature in nature; each subject of her last empire chides his chilly heart; from sunrise to sunset she preaches an example of benevolence, sympathy, and union. All the young buds and opening flowers of spring seem kissing one another; the birds warbling their amorous carols as though born but to music and delightful dalliance with nature, whilst the breezes whisper and waft ambrosial love. But be not selfish in your regards and joys, but spread the holy flame. Make every acquaintance a torch, and every single lamp a chandelier. To be instrumental to the enkindling of such dispositions, and to the happiness of virtuous lovers, is the most delightful office within the province of benevolence. Let each young person prove as a cousin—fond, friendly cousin to youth at large. Let but our sentiments be converted into practical life and heart existence. Let us but have sway, and we will convert the whole world into friendship, love, and marriage, set the Mediterranean on fire, convert the Frozen Ocean into the

Torrid, and the Black Sea into the White. The measure of thy friendship, reader, is the measure of the worth and happiness of thy soul. If thou hast chilled the glow of affection, when it flushed the cheek in thy presence, with the frown of displeasure, or repressed the ardour of friendship with indifference or neglect, preferred to thy bosom a cold and little heart to one great, spiritual, noble; now let thy heart smite thee, for in thy folly thou hast cast away that gem which is the light of life, which power can never seize, and which gold can never buy. If ambition, as Hannah More says, is generally found associated with great talents, most assuredly great love is with great virtues. And of such natures and dispositions we may assume the same high poetic descriptions as fancy has ever feasted upon from time's first dawn, and exclaim of them, as a poet does of his own beautiful Dulcinea, without one word of hyperbole—

"One of those beings, radiant in light
From her own beauty. Dark her eyes ~~as are~~
Two openings of unfathomable night,
Seen through the tempest; while her hair
Dark, and the brain whirly dizzy with delight,
Picturing her form; her smiles shine afar
As the beams of the morning, which ever impart
Light to the world, and joy to the heart."

GOHOLS OF LONDON.

Every reader of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments must recal with interest the breathless awe with which he used to read of the Ghouls of the East, and their horrid repasts at the graves of the dead. Well, some of this disgusting fraternity are reported to have come to London, and to have taken up their abode in Spa Fields.

The announcement may be incorrect, but legal steps are taking with a view to establish its truth; and Mr. G. A. Walker has addressed a letter to us which contains statements that we know not how to credit; for instance the following:—

"The 'head man' in this ground, Tom Smith, an hereditary gravedigger, has committed the most fearful and unheard-of atrocities on the bodies of the dead. The long hair of the women has been cut off and sold to the hairdressers; 'rails' (teeth) have been taken from every corpse affording them of sufficient quality to stimulate his cupidity; whilst the materials in which the bodies of the dead have been clothed by the hand of affection, have been, in hundreds of instances, torn off by this midnight prowler."

Now Mr. Walker may be a wicked cunctiulator, and if so, we hope he will be called to a severe account for the false representations he has made.

But Mr. Walker does not sneakingly

prefer his charge, under initials or a fictitious signature; he comes boldly forward, gives his name and address, and meets the gentry his details have roused with contemptuous defiance.

And how has he been met? By bluster, and an equivocating, half and-half denial, nothing at all to the purpose.

Mr. Bird and his friends, from diffidence, perhaps, have not given the reply which they ought to have furnished. They ought to have said this, "What Mr. Walker tells is wholly false. It has no foundation in truth. Not one-fourth of the interments mentioned ever took place at Spafelds. Bodies are not torn from their graves a few days after the funeral; coffins and bones never burnt; and the robberies and abominations described are wholly unknown."

If they do not do this, what are we to think? What brute, what untutored savage on the face of the earth, would not feel degraded if included in the same category with this Bird and his companions.

We are glad that they will have an opportunity of vindicating themselves before a court of justice. It is our opinion that not at Clerkenwell, but at the Old Bailey such a case should be tried. Be it observed, though we have avoided mentioning many of the atrocities charged, not merely barefaced extortion and systematic robbery are involved in the accusation, but it is distinctly stated that several individuals have lost their lives through the practices here carried on. If the parties implicated have done what is imputed, they are morally guilty of murder, and for aught we know, may be legally so. When villainous avarice makes war upon human life in a wholesale way, why should not the guilty be pursued as well as the robber who only occasionally murders an individual that he may plunder him when dead? Why were the poor Burkers hanged at Newgate, who only butchered now and then a fellow creature in the cause of science, to get a scanty livelihood, if those who, for their own gain, recklessly assail the health, the life, of a whole district, are merely to be fined or imprisoned?

Inscription on a Tablet in Macker Church.

To the memorie of Phil.
and Eliz. Triggs, the two daughters
of William Triggs, who departed
this life, the one, the 19th, the
other, the 25th, Febrvary,
Anno Dom.
1664.

O youth and all prepare to dye,
Who knowes God's sudaine call from high.
And be like babes in innocence,
Else you shall never Heaven eie.

A STORY TELLER.

Commander Wilkes, under whom an exploring expedition was sent out by the government of the United States, in 1839, found among the Feejees a very remarkable character.

"One day (he writes) while at the observatory, I was greatly surprised at seeing one whom I took to be a Feejeean enter my tent. His colour, however, struck me as lighter than that of any native I had yet seen. He was a short wrinkled old man, but appeared to possess great vigour and activity. He had a beard that reached to his middle, and but little hair, of a reddish grey colour, on his head. He gave me no time for inquiry, but at once addressed me in broad Irish, with a rich Milesian brogue. In a few minutes he made me acquainted with his story, which, by his own account, was as follows:—His name was Paddy Connel, but the natives called him Berry; he was born in the county of Clare in Ireland; had run away from school when he was a little fellow, and after wandering about as a vagabond, was pressed into the army in the first Irish rebellion. At the time the French landed in Ireland, the regiment to which he was attached marched at once against the enemy, and soon arrived on the field of battle, where they were brought to the charge. The first thing he knew or heard, the drums struck up a White Boys' tune, and his whole regiment went over and joined the French, with the exception of the officers, who had to fly. They were then marched against the British, and were soon defeated by Lord Cornwallis; it was a hard fight, and Paddy found himself among the slain. When he thought the battle was over, and night came on, he crawled off and reached home. He was then taken up and tried for his life, but was acquitted; he was, however, remanded to prison, and busied himself in effecting the escape of some of his comrades. On this being discovered, he was confined in the Black Hole, and soon after sent to Cork, to be put on board a convict-ship bound to New South Wales. When he arrived there, his name was not found on the books of the prisoners; consequently he had been transported by mistake, and was, therefore, set at liberty. He then worked about for several years, and collected a small sum of money, but unfortunately fell into bad company, got drunk, and lost it all. Just about this time Captain Sartori, of the ship *General Wellesley*, arrived at Sydney. Having lost a great part of his crew by sickness and desertion, he desired to procure hands for his ship. Subsequently, when at Landelswood Bay, according to his statement, the captain gave offence to the crew generally, and in consequence many

of them went on board another ship, but Connell determined to remain on shore with the natives. He said that Captain Sartori was kind to him, and at parting had given him a pistol, cutlass, and an old good-for-nothing musket; these, with his sea-chest and a few clothes, were all that he possessed. He had now lived forty years among these savages. After hearing his whole story, I told him I did not believe a word of it; to which he answered, that the main part of it was true, but he might have made some mistakes, as he had been so much in the habit of lying to the Feejeeans, that he hardly now knew when he told the truth, adding that he had no desire to tell anything but the truth. Paddy turned out to be a very amusing fellow, and possessed an accurate knowledge of the Feejee character. Some of the whites told me that he was more than half a Feejee; indeed he seemed to delight in showing how nearly he was allied to them in feeling and propensities; and, like them, seemed to fix his attention upon trifles. He gave me a droll account of his daily employments, which it would be inappropriate to give here, and finished by telling me the only wish he had then, was to get for his little boy, on whom he doated, a small hatchet, and the only articles he had to offer for it were a few old hens. On my asking him if he did not cultivate the ground, he said at once no; he found it much easier to get his living by telling the Feejeeans stories, which he could always make good enough for them; these and the care of his two little boys, and his hens, and his pigs, when he had any, gave him ample employment and plenty of food. He had lived much at Rewa, and until lately had been a resident at Levuka, but had, in consequence of his intrigues, been expelled by the white residents to the island of Ambatiki. It appeared that they had unanimously come to the conclusion that if he did not remove, they would be obliged to put him to death for their own safety. I could not induce Whippy or Tom to give me the circumstances that occasioned this determination, and Paddy would not communicate more than that his residence on Ambatiki was a forced one, and that it was as though he was living out of the world, rearing pigs, fowls, and children. Of the last description of live-stock he had forty-eight, and hoped that he might live to see fifty born to him. He had had one hundred wives."

If one professor of this description could look to have fifty children, we need hardly wonder that the race of *story tellers* should have become so very numerous in all parts of the world.

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN EXCURSION TO RHEINISH GERMANY.

PART I.

The philosophy of peripatetics, now so well comprehended and so fully appreciated, forbids the traveller to pursue his journeys, at home or abroad, without giving the result of his wanderings to those whose powers of locomotion may be, unhappily, fettered by their avocations or otherwise. Submitting ourselves, therefore, to the demands of this doctrine, we transcribe the following leaves from jottings of a little trip to Germany, during the past season; which a very scanty supply of that useful commodity, vigorous health, while exacting a costly sacrifice at the shrine of *Aesculapius*, and drawing very largely upon the resources of an already tottering fabric, had rendered scarcely a matter of deliberation.

Surrendering, without remorse, all faith in the London pharmacopeia, and condensing into a small knapsack two complete changes of linen, with a stout pair of shoes, and joining issue with an umbrella as walking stick and shelter from sun and rain, the "Soho" steamer bore a light heart on her deck, as she threaded her devious course to Antwerp through our crowded shipping mart, on a bright morning, in September last.

The succession of a stilly night to a first day's freedom on the bosom of the waters, acted as no small auxiliary to the sedative effects of that comprehensive forgetfulness of the tumults of one's accustomed calling, which takes possession of the mind after the last lingering beacon has ceased to be visible from the white cliffs of England. Yet, turning from the tottering deck to one's sung little berth, and counting a few hours' sound and refreshing sleep, how exhilarating were the emotions which the healthful breeze, floating over the broad waters of the Scheldt, imparted, on first welcoming the rising sun, from a spot so favourable to the display of his wondrous splendours. Although the surrounding scenery of this expansive river is flat and unlovely, yet the novelty of appearances, so unlike our accustomed scenes in England, serve to interest us, while our nearer approach to Antwerp presents a scene altogether strange, and unknown, perhaps, in any other country; for here, springing up from amidst the waters, may be seen the spires of lofty steeples, with the tops of trees and stately edifices, the only visible remains of a whole town destroyed by the overflowing of the dykes with which this country is intersected. But as the vessel hurries past these sunken ruins, we find ourselves alongside the quay of our destined port, assailed with

greetings and solicitations in a foreign tongue, from citizens in foreign costume, and clad in noisy, wooden shoes, to increase the uproar of their discordant salutations.

On gaining the city the apparent lack of industrial occupations strike the stranger with wonderment, but more especially the Londoner, accustomed to the bustle of his own great metropolis; while the absence of all display of their wares and the introduction of shop fronts, with the very general use of strong iron barricades to the windows of the curbrous dwellings, give a triste and uninviting appearance to the place, which the tormenting round stones, in lieu of pavement in the streets, so common on the continent, have no tendency to alleviate. As a receptacle, however, for the fine arts, and as the last resting place of Rubens, Antwerp has strong claims upon the veneration of every sincere disciple of the easel. The celebrated paintings by this great master of the Ascent and Descent from the Cross, occupy a prominent place in the cathedral, while his beautiful allegorical painting of himself and family, adorn his tomb in the Eglise de St. Jacques, a building of such singular attractions as rarely to meet comparison. The interior of this structure is supported with marble columns, surmounted with full length marble statues of the apostles; numerous altars of the same material, adorned with choice paintings, devices, and decorations, with angels bearing the canopy of an exquisitely carved pulpit, supported by carved oaken figures, fill up the measure of this church's wealth. Here, as in most places of public worship abroad, the portals are never closed by day either to visitors or devotees, while no pews with bolted doors obstruct the space, destroying the architectural beauty, and drawing the broad line of distinction in the house of our common father between Dives and his less wealthy brother. Oaken chairs are dispersed about the chancel for the indiscriminate accommodation of the worshippers, thus affording a striking contrast to the churlish spirit which manifests itself in our enlightened country regarding the sacred edifices, and the performance of our spiritual duties, where, as Dr. Jameson remarked, the protestant, rather than go to heaven in company with rags, would prefer journeying in an opposite direction in company with robes and feathers.

The museum, among many choice paintings of the old masters, has a more modern gem by Von Brees, representing the death of Rubens, where the old man is depicted surrounded by sorrowing kindred and holy fathers, calmly passing from this life to eternity, with a well defined reliance on the mediation of him, the symbol of whose sufferings he en-

ergetically clasps; while his agonised child, borne from the scene apparently senseless as monumental marble, yields her place to those dear associates who sorrowfully watch the last throbs of departing life, which leaves the spirit to waft its progress to more congenial regions. The well arranged drapery, skilfully blended colouring, faultless grouping, and apparent truthfulness of this exquisite picture, detain the heart in pious adoration at so painful an introduction to the chamber of death.

In the immediate vicinity of the cathedral, at the door of an ironmonger's shop, in the Place Vers, may be seen a shell which harmlessly fell at the threshold of this worthy disciple of Vulcan in the siege of the city. It is fastened to the wall by an iron hoop, and will, doubtless, long continue a memento of the belligerent spirit which directed this formidable engine of destruction.

Bidding adieu to Antwerp, we proceed to Brussels by rail, accomplishing the journey in about an hour, and find in this miniature Paris an epitome of that celebrated city, which has supplied so many notices to the general reader. Its institutions, cafés, restaurants and places of amusement, are in humble imitation of that great metropolis; and while its Museum, Palais du Roi, palais du Prince d'Orange, chamber of deputies, Guildhall, theatre, public gardens, &c., with its numerous other public buildings and church establishments, have much to commend them to notice, they are yet deficient in all the essentials of the corresponding edifices of *La belle France*. Here, however, and at the neighbouring town of Malines, as in Paris, the fine arts have formed a focus of attraction, by concentrating in the churches and public institutions many of the finest works of the ancient masters. The publicity which is thus given to the designs of the most eminent men of a past age, cannot fail to exercise a very salutary influence over the tastes of society, by familiarising the public mind with the best models for their contemplation and study.

Accustomed to the solemnity of an English Sabbath, the open shops and places of amusement, with the music of military bands in the parks and promenades on this sacred day, wear an air of desecration to our phlegmatic tastes on a first introduction. Yet the ethereal spirits of its citizens, with their unconquerable thirst for light, cheerful amusements, soon become infectious, and leaves John Bull too often a prostrate votary, where he prided himself upon invincible stoicism. Having obtained the privilege of entrée to the Palais du Roi, the residence of the King of the Belgians, we were gladdened to see its

walls adorned with an excellent portrait of our own beloved Queen, and a faithfully striking sketch of Claremont. A great dearth of objects worth recording in these apartments, induced comments between this abode and the establishments of many of our own nobility, which consigned King Leopold's palace to a very humble station in the range of royal dwellings, were anything but favourable to the former. Plebeian ambition suggests to all visitors a seat on the royal chair, but tradition is silent as to any inherent virtues or advantages which this accustomed ceremonial may have communicated.

However unsuited to the objects of a visit, like ours, may be a spirit of moralising, it is yet scarcely possible to look upon this busy, mirthful city, with its white cheerful buildings, and inhabitants, all redolent of gaiety and life, and believe that the cries of wounded agony had ever echoed in their now peaceful streets within a few short years. Yet the fact was so, the blood-stained wheel of revolution ceased not in its sanguinary course, until an unnatural and remorseless appetite was clogged with deeds of refined cruelty, such as would have disgraced the barbarous ages of uncivilised man. But, leaving civil wars and their attendant train of miseries to the pen of the historian, we depart from Brussels for Liege, en route for Aix la Chapelle.

This course lying through the forest of Soignes, over the field of Waterloo, through Quatre Bras, Genappes, and Sombre, leads our musings to the gallant spirits whose bones lie crumbling beneath the sod over which we pursue our course. Indeed there are not wanting monuments which have been erected with pious hands, telling what sanguinary struggles occurred on those particular spots; and high, towering above the rest, a noble lion rears his mane, elevated to his commanding position by the Belgian nation, in commemoration of the great achievement which British valor and British skill here combined to accomplish. We next pass through the strongly fortified town of Namur, and through the valley of the Meuse, where the scenery becomes exquisitely pleasing. The winding river, by whose banks we pursue our course, is flanked on either side by jutting rocks, sometimes barren and sterile, at others, covered with hops and brushwood, and containing on their precipitous sides, here and there, some little white-faced cottage, which nature herself seems to have established, to enhance the beauty which every where meets our eye. A succession of industrious villages on its shores occupy notice, until, at the season to which we refer, night closes in upon the latter part of our journey, and lends her

sable mantle to heighten the startling effect of the blazing furnaces from the extensive iron and zinc foundries of Messrs. Cockerill, which illuminate the sky for many miles along the road, emitting flames of every hue, and brightening the hemisphere like a galaxy of blazing meteors. Resting for the night at the black and industrious city of Liege, we continued our ride to Aix la Chapelle.

Throughout this portion of our ride, we pass a succession of hill and valley, and recognise, in every changeful feature, a type of those beauties, which so characteristically adorn our sweet county of Devon. Profiting by former experience, we mounted the cabri-let, or top of the "Diligence," which being merely covered by a leather hood, for protection against sun or rain, offers no obstruction to a commanding view of the surrounding country, while it possesses the very unquestionable merit of being the cheapest seat in this cumbersome locomotive, and ensures you the *conducteur* as a companion. This latter advantage is not the least important, as his acquaintance with every spot on the road is cheerfully placed at your command, and an occasional glass of Vin de Prusse makes you sworn friends for the journey, with one of a class of proverbially merry griga, whose snatches of French songs, and sportive tone and manner, leaves your spirits at the end of a long stage very considerably above par.

(To be continued.)

The Wandering Jew

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.—THE NEGOCIATOR.

A few days after the fire at M. Hardy's factory, the following scene took place in the Rue Clovis, at a house in which Rose Pompon lived. It was about mid-day. Rose Pompon was seated alone in the chamber of M. Philemon, who was still absent, when some one knocked gently at the door.

"Who is there?" said Rose.

"An old friend," replied a loud and cheerful voice.

"Ah, it is you, Nini Moulin!"

"Yes, my dear pupil. Open the door, for I am in haste."

"What a plague you are," said Rose, as she opened the door.

"So, my pretty bird of passage, you have returned at last," said Nini, with a mixture of seriousness and drollery. "And pray where have you been these three days past, my little, pretty, wicked, dove?"

"Were you here during my absence?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, twice a day; for serious business—business of importance brought me here."

"Serious business! then we shall have a hearty laugh."

"No, no; it is very serious—but, what have you been doing during your absence? I must know that before I proceed further."

"There has been a death in Clara's house, and she was afraid for the first few nights to sleep alone."

"I thought Clara was too well taken care of to entertain such fears," interrupted Nini.

"Then you were mistaken, for I went to keep her company; and while I was away, poor Cephyse disappeared!"

"Yes, the Bacchanalian Queen is gone. I was told this by my brother Arsène; but as to your being with Clara."

"May I be devoured by the black panther, which they are exhibiting at the Porte St. Martin, if I am not telling you the truth—speaking of that, you must take me to see those animals."

"I have something serious to propose to you, since you assure me you are not engaged in any intrigue."

"I swear I am not," said Rose, solemnly; then she added, with an air of surprise, as she looked at the pockets of Nini's paleto. "Gracious heavens, what large pockets you have! What is in them?"

"Things which concern you," said Dumanolin, gravely.

"Concern me?"

"Rose Pompon," said Nini, majestically, "do you wish to have a carriage, and to be dressed like a duchess?"

"Ah, Nini, still at your nonsense."

Nini took from one of his pockets a casket containing a very handsome bracelet, which he held up to the gaze of the young girl.

"Oh! what a lovely bracelet," exclaimed she, clapping her hands, "a serpent biting its own tail; that is the emblem of my love for Philemon."

"Talk not of him," said Nini, fastening the bracelet on her wrist, while she laughed merrily, and said—

"Some one has engaged you to purchase it, and you want to see how it looks. How charming it is."

"Rose Pompon," resumed Nini, "would you, or would you not, like to have a box

at the opera, and a thousand francs a month for your toilet?"

"Still at your jests," said Rose, making the bracelet sparkle; "can't you find some other?"

Nini again put his hand in his pocket, and drew forth a beautiful chain, which he passed round Rose's neck.

"Oh, how splendid!"

"Rose Pompon," said Nini, with increasing dignity, "these trifles are nothing in comparison to what you may expect if you follow the advice of your old friend."

Rose, beginning to be surprised, said, "Explain yourself, Nini; what advice do you mean?"

He did not reply, but again putting his hand into his pocket, he drew out a magnificent black lace shawl, which he threw over her shoulders.

"How superb it is!" she exclaimed. "I have never seen so handsome a one! How have you come by such beautiful things? Ah! now I understand," said she, laughing, "this is Madame Sainte Colombe's wedding present. Well, I must compliment you on your good taste."

"And where," said Nini, "do you think I could find money to purchase these splendid articles? I tell you again they are yours, if you follow my advice."

"Are you serious?" said Rose, greatly astonished.

"Quite serious, and these jewels are a pledge of the reality of my offer."

"But is your offer an honest one?"

"It could not be more so."

"Will I be required to be unfaithful to Philemon?"

"No."

"Come, let us cease jesting; I am not foolish enough to believe that I shall be kept like a duchess merely on account of my bright eyes. Tell me what is expected in return?"

"Nothing at all."

"Nothing! What shall I have to do then?"

"Make yourself as pretty as possible, amuse yourself, and ride about in your carriage. This you see is not very fatiguing; therefore decide at once. Do not ask me for more details, for I cannot give them; besides, you won't be detained against your will. Try the life I offer you, and if you like it you can continue it, if not you can return to Philemon."

"I cannot believe you are telling me the truth; and besides," added she, hesitatingly, "I know not if I ought."

"Look here," said Nini, as he opened the window, "look what is standing at the door."

"A beautiful little carriage."

"And this carriage is yours. It is now waiting for you."

"But where are you going to take me?"
 "I don't know."
 "Not know where you are going to take me?"

"No, but the coachman has orders. You accept, then? I am glad of it, for my own sake as well as yours."

"How for your sake?"

"Because, in accepting, you render me a great service."

"But tell me how?"

"I say, my pretty one, you are obliging me."

"Well, after all, they cannot eat me," said Rose, "give me my mantle."

"A mantle!" exclaimed Nini, drawing from his pocket a superb cachmere shawl, which he threw over her shoulders.

"Now," cried the delighted girl, "I shall venture." She then tripped lightly down stairs, followed by Nini Moulin. In passing through the shop, she gave mother Arsene her key, and said, "Mother Arsene, if Philemon arrives, tell him I am out on business; adieu."

"Adieu, mademoiselle."

Rose then gaily entered the carriage along with Nini Moulin.

"The devil take me if I know what all this is to come to," said the latter to himself, as the carriage drove rapidly away from the Rue de Clovis. "I have, however, repaid my mistake; that is all I care for."

CHAPTER II.—THE SECRET.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville, dressed in her usual elegant and picturesque style, was seated in her cabinet, and around her was strewed a quantity of new books, which, strange to say, though by different authors, were all on the same subject.

Adrienne's appearance bespoke a sort of melancholy dejection; she was pale; and a light blue circle round her large dark eyes, gave to them an expression of profound sadness. This sadness was caused by a variety of circumstances, amongst which was the disappearance of the Mayeux. Adrienne, without positively believing Rodin's perfidious insinuations respecting the Mayeux, felt severely hurt that this young girl, in whom she had so much faith, had fled from her hospitality, without addressing to her a single word of gratitude. Already she felt the pernicious influence of the mistrust recommended to her by Rodin, and this suspicion was likely to become the more powerful, as, for the first time in her life, she had a secret to conceal; one which was, at the same time, her happiness, her shame, and her torment.

Adrienne, reclining on a divan, pensive and dejected, was perusing one of the books recently purchased, when suddenly she uttered a slight exclamation of sur-

prise, and from that moment appeared to read with earnest attention and intense curiosity. Her eyes soon sparkled with enthusiasm, her smile became ineffably sweet, she appeared both happy and delighted, but, on turning over the last leaf, her features expressed disappointment and chagrin. Again she read the passage which had caused her such delight, but this time it was slowly, dwelling on every word. Stopping from time to time, she rested her head on her beautiful hand, and, plunged in a profound reverie, she seemed to reflect on what she had just read. Arriving soon at a passage, which produced so great an effect on her, that her eyes filled with tears, she hastily turned over the volume to look at the name of its author. For some minutes she gazed on the name with an expression of gratitude, and then pressed the page, on which it was printed, to her rosy lips. She then relapsed into a profound reverie, and the book sliding out of her hand, fell on the carpet. In the course of this abstraction her eyes rested on a beautiful bronze statue, representing the triumph of the Indian Bacchus. Never, perhaps, had Grecian art attained such rare perfection. The young conqueror, half clothed with a lion's skin, which exposed the youthful and charming symmetry of his form, was standing in a chariot, drawn by a couple of tigers. One hand was resting on a javelin, the other was guiding his wild steed with tranquil majesty. When Adrienne first rested her eyes on this rare assemblage of perfections, her features were calm and pensive, but by degrees her attention was awakened, and suddenly rising from her seat, she slowly approached the statue, appearing to yield to the irresistible attraction of an extraordinary resemblance. A slight blush overspread her face and neck; then casting round a furtive glance, as if afraid of being surprised, she lifted her hand twice to touch the brow of the Indian Bacchus, but each time she was withheld by a sort of bashful hesitation. At length the temptation becoming too strong for her, she yielded, and after having delicately caressed with her snowy finger, the golden coloured visage of the young deity, she rested it for a second with greater boldness on his pure and noble brow; and slight as was her touch, she felt as if she had received an electric shock. Her whole frame trembled, she raised her eyes to heaven, her knees insensibly bent under her, her rosy lips parted to let her burning breath escape, her bosom heaved as if the sap of youth and life had quickened the beating of her heart, and caused her blood to boil! What a touching spectacle is a young virgin, whose modest brow crimsoned with the first warmth of secret desire! Has

not the creator animated, with a spark divine, the body as well as the soul? Impious and infamous are those who seek to stifle the senses, instead of guiding them, and harmonising them with the divine will!

Adrienne started suddenly, raised her head, and opened her eyes, as if she had awoke from a dream; then she hastily retired from the statue, and paced the chamber in great agitation, while she pressed her hands on her burning brow. At length she fell on a chair quite exhausted, and her tears flowed abundantly, while her features, impressed with deep sorrow, revealed her internal suffering. Having exhausted her tears, this paroxysm of painful oppression was followed by a violent fit of indignation against herself, which betrayed itself by the following words that escaped her, "For the first time in my life I feel myself weak and base—yes base!"

Adrienne was diverted from her bitter reflections by the entrance of Georgette who asked her mistress if she could receive Count de Montbron.

"Did you tell him I was at home?" inquired Adrienne.

"Yes, Mademoiselle!"

Then desire him to walk in."

"Monsieur the Count de Montbron?" said Georgette, as she opened the door.

The Count entered, and approaching Adrienne, kissed her hand with a sort of paternal familiarity.

"Now!" said the Count to himself, "I must endeavour to ascertain the truth, in order that I may ward off a heavy calamity."

CHAPTER III.—THE CONFESSION.

Adrienne, not wishing that the cause of the violent sentiments which agitated her should be discovered, received M. de Montbron with forced gaiety; and he, on his part, in spite of his acquaintance with the world, felt embarrassed in broaching the subject on which he was desirous of conversing with Adrienne.

After having regarded the young girl for a few seconds, the Count shook his head, and said, with a sigh of regret, "My dear child, I am uneasy: I have a weight at the heart, and you are the cause of it."

"Monsieur de Montbron, you will make me quite proud," said Adrienne, smiling.

"My sorrow is caused by the change I have observed in you. You look pale, dejected, and fatigued; and for some days past you have been sad—you have, I am sure, some grief weighing on your mind."

"Notwithstanding your penetration,

you, for once, are mistaken, for I am neither sad, nor sorrowful, and I am going to tell you something very extraordinary—something extremely vain, which is, I never before found myself so pretty."

"And who told you this untruth? some female?"

"No—my heart, and it has told the truth," said Adrienne, with emotion. Then she added, "understand me, if you can."

"Do you mean that you are proud of the alteration of your features, because you are proud of the sufferings of your heart? I know I am right; you have some sorrow on your mind."

"I never was happier; I constantly congratulate myself with the idea that I am free—absolutely free."

"Yes, free to torment yourself."

"Now, my dear Count, our old quarrel is reviving—I find you are the ally of my aunt and the Abbé d'Aigrigny."

"I? yes, as the republicans are the allies of the legitimists—they agree in order to devour each other afterwards. By the bye, it is said that there is a sort of council held at the house of your abominable aunt—she is now in the right way."

"Why not? you should have seen her formerly when she was ambitious to play the part of the goddess of reason—perhaps we shall shortly see her canonised—she has already performed the first part of the life of St. Magdalen."

"You can never say so much ill of her as she deserves, my dear child, yet I, as she, though from opposite reasons, have thought seriously of your caprice in wishing to live single. Yes, and though I should like to see you a thousand times more free than you are; I would advise you—"

"To get married."

"Undoubtedly, and have a husband who would be responsible for your independence."

"And who would be responsible for this ridiculous husband who would be mocked and derided by every one? I perhaps," said Adrienne, becoming slightly animated. "No, no, my dear Count, in good or evil, I will always be answerable for my own actions; to my name shall be attached, whether good or bad, a reputation, which I alone shall have gained, for it would be impossible for me to dishonour a name which did not belong to me, that is to bear it, if it were not continually surrounded with that profound esteem, which to me would be indispensable."

"You are the only person in the world that entertains such ideas."

"How?" said Adrienne, laughing; "because it appears to me distasteful to see a young and pretty girl, united to an ugly and selfish man. You must confess, my dear Count, that this conjugal metamor-

phosis is extremely odious," added she, laughing gaily.

Adrienne's assumed and feverish gaiety contrasted sadly with her pale and altered features. It was easy to see that she sought to stifle her sorrow by this forced laughter. M. de Montbron was extremely sorry, but concealing his emotion he appeared to reflect for a moment, and took up three of the books that were strewn around Adrienne. The first was entitled "Modern History of India;" the second, "Travels in India," and the third, "Letters on India." The Count continued, with increased surprise, his investigation of this Indian nomenclature, which ended in the sixth work, entitled, "Notes of a Traveller in the East Indies." The Count was no longer able to conceal his surprise from Adrienne, who, having entirely forgotten the book, blushed slightly; then her firmness and resolution gaining the mastery, she said, "What are you astonished at, my dear Count?"

Instead of replying, the Count seemed still more and more absorbed, and regarding the young girl thoughtfully, he could not help saying to himself "No, no, it is impossible, and yet—"

"Perhaps it would be indiscreet in me to listen to your monologue, my dear Count," said Adrienne.

"Excuse me, my dear child; but what I see surprises me to such a degree that—"

"What do you see!" interrupted Adrienne, slightly colouring.

"The traces of an active research after all that relates to India;" replied M. de Montbron, laying an emphasis on the three last words, and fixing a penetrating look upon the young girl.

"What then!" said Adrienne, courageously.

"Why, I am trying to discover a cause for this sudden passion for—"

"Geography?" interrupted Adrienne; "you will probably deem this study, my dear Count, rather dry for one of my age; but to occupy leisure hours in doing something that may prove beneficial is the result of an active mind. Besides, I have a cousin, who is an Indian; a kind of prince, and I have taken a fancy to find out, if possible, how I came to be related to a sort of savage."

The last words were pronounced with bitterness, which did not escape the discernment of M. Montbron, who replied, "It seems to me that you speak of the prince with a little rancour at heart."

"No; it is with indifference."

"He deserves, however, to inspire a better sentiment."

"Perhaps, in some other person," replied Adrienne, dryly.

"He is so wretched," said M. Montbron, pitifully; "to see him rends my heart."

"What does that matter to me? or what can I do for him?"

"Pity him, at least," said the Count, gravely.

"Pity him!" cried Adrienne, haughtily; "you are jesting, sir; you cannot, in seriousness, ask me to interest myself in the amorous tortures of your prince."

The cold disdain with which these last words were pronounced convinced M. Montbron that what he had heard was true.

"Well," he said, "I have not been deceived; considering my early and constant friendship, I expected a little of your confidence; but no, no; you give it to another, which grieves me."

"I do not understand you, M. de Montbron."

"I see there is no hope for that poor lad; you love some one."

Adrienne started.

"You need not deny it," said the Count, "your pale looks—your sadness—your indifference for the prince—all tells me that you are in love."

Adrienne, offended at the familiarity of the Count, said, haughtily, and in anger, "You ought to know, M. de Montbron, that to discover a secret is not the result of my confidence. Besides, your language astonishes me."

"My dear mademoiselle, if your old friend is too free in speech; if he suspects that you love, and almost chides you for it, he does so because your love affects the life or death of that worthy prince whom I respect and cherish, as much as if he were my son, for it is impossible to know him without being inspired with the most lively interest."

"It is strange, indeed," said Adrienne, with renewed coldness, "that my love, granting that I was so affected, should have so singular an effect upon Prince Djalma." Then, she added, with disdain, "But what does it matter to him whether I love any one or not?"

"What does it matter to him? Allow me to tell you, my dear mademoiselle, that it is you who are jesting on a painful subject. How! that poor lad, who loves you with all the ardour of a first love, who, for you, has twice attempted suicide to put a termination to his wretched existence; and you tell me, coldly, that your love matters little to him, and speak disdainfully of that on which life or death depends."

"He loves me?" cried the young girl.

"Aye, to distraction! I have seen him, and I am telling you the truth."

Adrienne appeared stupefied. Her pale cheeks became flushed; then they became pale again; her lips trembled; and for some minutes she remained silent, with her hand placed upon her heart to still its throbings.

M. de Montbron, terrified at the change of the countenance of the young lady, approached her, saying, "My dear girl, what ails you?"

Instead of replying, Adrienne waved her hand, to assure the Count that there was nothing the matter; then, thinking that she was probably under the influence of some delusion, she said, with anguish, "Loves me! It is not true; is it?"

"Alas! it is too true."

"No, no; that woman! that woman!" cried Adrienne, bitterly.

"What woman?"

"She who has caused him so much aching of the heart."

"You, mademoiselle, are the only one who has done so."

"I was told otherwise."

"Who told you?"

"Rodin."

"M. Rodin told you that!" cried the Count, who appeared as if struck by a sudden idea; "why it was he who told me that you were in love with another."

"I am in love with another! O, no!"

"You love him, then, as much as he loves you!" cried the Count, in rapture.

"If I love him!" exclaimed Adrienne.

A knock interrupted Adrienne, who called out, "Come in."

Florine entered. "M. Rodin," she said, "is below, but fearful of disturbing you, he says he will return in half an hour. Do you wish to see him now, mademoiselle?"

"Yes," said the Count, "show him up. That is your wish, my dear?"

"Yes, do so," said Adrienne, while her eyes flashed with indignation at the perfidy of the Jesuit.

"Ah, the old scoundrel!" said the Count, "I never liked the appearance of that old hypocrite."

(To be continued.)

THE DIORAMA.

"The ancient, beautiful, and agreeable town of Heidelberg," is the subject of a new picture at the Diorama. We have, first, representation of winter, the time, mid-day; and then, as if by magic, the snow which encumbers the ground resolves itself into rich foliage, with a pic-nic party at the foot of the castle-hill. Of the castle, though a ruin, we may remark that it is still a magnificent object. It is not merely a few mouldering walls, which tell where such an edifice once stood, but its deserted halls command admiration, and are rich in interest. All the leading features of the town are indicated with great exactness. All who have visited this celebrated place, will be glad to have its image so vividly recalled; and those who have not, will gain the best possible idea of its beauties, which can be obtained without going there.

A LEAF FROM THE PAGES OF SCHOOLDAYS.

"Memory loves to dwell
On the fair visions of the past,
Scenes that our fancy loved so well
Too bright, too beautiful to last."

One bright morning, towards the decline of autumn, in the year 1830, I submitted without a murmur—a circumstance of no ordinary occurrence, to the usual routine of the nursery toilet, and was in due process of time delivered over to the companionship of my family, for the last time, ere I quitted hearth and home on my first visit to that centre of fairy land to the mind of childhood—the great metropolis. What were the precise emotions that swayed my mind at the moment, I cannot now call to remembrance, but certainly there was a proud feeling of superiority eminent above all the rest, that I, first of all the neophytes, should track those streets which we in our dreamy hours, had paved with gold, and should gaze in silent awe upon those structures, invested, to our belief, with all the outward display of oriental magnificence, which the warm glow of a German imagination—that great kinder friend, can create so charmingly and to so good a purpose; and certain it is, that had I been destined to return to our little circle immediately after my first impressions, I should have been, in the item of self-consequence, a compressed copy of that gentleman, who, in days of yore, upon the authority of Mr. Gay, visited in somewhat of a quaint guise, his friends in the wild wood, after he "had seen the world." The last sob was hushed, the last kiss sealed, and I took my departure, the younger portion of those I left behind being perhaps secretly glad in heart to be rid of the tyrant of the nursery, who had already displayed the germs of a cruel and ruthless spirit lurking within by decapitating as many helpless dolls as fell into his bower, or at least by marring their waxened beauties for ever. Before we had concluded our journey, the sky became considerably overcast, and on alighting from the coach, the prospect was dark and gloomy indeed; and the rain which came patterning down beat against my face, added to the dreariness that attended my entry into London. We walked onward for a short distance, my eyeballs straining themselves to trace the dim outline of each large building we passed by the aid of the twinkling lamps, till I found myself safely ensconced in a second vehicle, which proceeded somewhat leisurely along, till I lost by degrees the glare of lights, to me so many beacons of hope, and emerged into a darker road studded with fewer lamps, certainly not so brilliant to my idea as those I had left behind me; we were approaching our desti-

nation, a hamlet in the suburbs of the metropolis. A few moments more, a door closed upon me, and I felt for the first time at school. In the room into which we were ushered, were seated the principal, his wife and two daughters, who welcomed me warmly; indeed, the first impression satisfied me, that, if such were the cheering comfort of school, the terrors with which the magisterial rod was associated, were but the creations of blind fancy or still blinder ignorance. At length it was suggested that I should rest after my journey, and I laid myself down upon my bed with a kind "good-night," still ringing in my ear. I can safely aver that the period allotted to repose is the most trying of all to a child parted from home, however little regret for the change he may have hitherto evinced. The world and its all-absorbing objects are shut out, and the feelings and thoughts left to their own control, revert to those scenes with which they have been so lately and so intimately associated and which by a natural tie of sympathy are dear to them still—aye, dearer more than ever. I wandered back in fancy to my own little nursery; I roamed once more along the green lanes of Kent, plucking the juicy blackberry, or seated myself in the sunny meadows, reckless of the passing time, as I twined the yellow buttercup with the modest, daisy and caroled some infantine strain that gushed forth from a heart gay and innocent. The bright sun paled away by degrees: by degrees the green lanes and mossy banks, with all my familiar haunts, passed away into shapeless mist, and vanished into thin air, and I awoke. But all such scenes were soon forgotten, and in a few days I had selected my especial friends, and there was not a more merry voice to be heard in the play-ground than mine. In the hours devoted to study the eye of the principal would glance over the various classes; it was indeed the true index of his mind, and that was bright and beautiful. His character was kindness itself, and though at times some offence would call down punishment, still every such sacrifice to justice was softened down and tempered to mercy. Indeed, not one pupil of his could be found who could hesitate to speak to that gentleness of character on the part of the preceptor, which dictated his every action, and which made the very culprit bear without repining the rod of chastisement from a sense of the integrity of the man whose right hand dealt the blow. Our walks lay, in the fine season of the year, through Holland Park and Kensington Gardens; and many a time have I looked with a wishful eye upon my companions as they filed along the road or an agreeable saunter, especially when

the noble chesnut trees were loaded with fruit, which we were in the habit of purchasing, either for love or money, from the gate-keepers of the demesne. I would watch them till the last figure disappeared, and then resume my seat in the solitary school room, and pore over the lesson which I had neglected to say, or said imperfectly, during the study hours. Such were some of my troubles, which seemed in those days almost too heavy to be endured; but doubtless those little inconveniences which we meet with in life's young spring, have a salutary tendency; the ills which chequer the otherwise halcyon days of bright youth, fortify the heart by proving it right early, lest we, tasting the first bitter draught of misery in mature age, should fall away from him who was pleased to put us to the trial. On the Sunday we regularly attended service, at an adjacent chapel, then under the ministering care of a zealous and enlightened churchman, a worthy scion of a noble foundation; among whose sons I had the honour of being subsequently enrolled. The tone of his discourses—the arguments by which he enforced them, made a deep impression upon the young, and we all hailed with delight his appearance in the pulpit. He has since passed on to a higher station, which he adorns as much by his virtues, as he merited it by his talents. At an early period I was moved into a wider field of action—into a foundation of royalty—but I continued a welcome visitor at my old haunts, where the merry laugh of my former companions rose wildly as ever. But who, on glancing over this little narrative, will say it is one of individual interest? Who cannot trace, in the broad mirror of early school days, here before him, some reflection, dim though it may be, of his own? Who has not experienced like sensations on starting from the nursery to an intercourse with boys of all ages? Who has not joined in the merry laugh during the hours of recreation? Who has not been the chosen leader of some madcap freak, or at least been privy to some juvenile prank? Who has not hailed the hour when the close confinement of the school-room was exchanged for the bright fields and pure breezes? Who has not, when the half holiday arrived, shouldered his bat with all the importance of a Mynn, or a Taylor, and sallied forth to the green sward to deal destruction to the wickets of his opponents.

But of the principal of the master spirit of all, few can say that they have looked upon his like, and still fewer can hope to "look upon his like again."

THE DEATH OF GENERAL KLEBER.
FROM THE HISTORY OF M. THIERS.

The death of General Kléber, after the return of Bonaparte from Egypt, caused a great sensation. A mystery was spoken of at the time, which it was said, time would explain; and it was more than hinted by Sir Robert Wilson, that Bonaparte might be considered to have prompted the blow. Kléber was a gallant, swearing, careless soldier, whose general course of life was not likely to provoke the anger of any indifferent observer. From the work of M. Thiers, we do not see in the event anything very remarkable. Deeds of violence, which here we call strange, have for centuries not been uncommon in the East. In the act which deprived Kléber of life, the student of oriental literature will only find another instance of that daring ferocity, which formed the glory of the followers of the *Old Man of the Mountains*. It is thus minutely narrated: "All Islam had been moved by the presence of the French in Egypt. The children of Mahomet had felt somewhat of that enthusiasm which of old inflamed them against the crusaders. Cries of a holy war were raised, as in the twelfth century; and there were fanatic Mussulmen who vowed to achieve the *sacred fight*, which consists in slaying an infidel. In Egypt, where people saw the French closely, where they appreciated their humanity, where they could compare them with the soldiers of the Porte, especially with the Mamelukes—in Egypt, where they witnessed their respect for the Prophet (a respect enjoined by General Bonaparte,) less aversion for them was entertained; and, when they afterwards left the country, the fanaticism considerably abated. Indeed, during the late insurrection, there had even been perceived, in some places, real signs of attachment to our soldiers, to such a degree, that the English agents were surprised at it. But throughout the rest of the East, the attention of all was engrossed by one subject, and that was the invasion by infidels of an extensive Mussulman country. A young man, a native of Aleppo, named Suleiman, who was a prey to extravagant fanaticism, who had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, who had studied at the mosque El Azhar, the most celebrated and wealthiest in Cairo, and where the Koran and the Turkish law are taught, who, finally, purposed to obtain admission into the body of the doctors of the faith, chanced to be wandering in Palestine, when the wrecks of the vizir's army passed through the country. He witnessed the sufferings, the despair, of his co-religionists, which violently affected his morbid imagination. The aga of the Janissaries, who had chanced to see

him, inflamed his fanaticism still more by his own suggestions. This young man offered to assassinate 'the Sultan of the French,' General Kléber. Furnished with a dromedary and a sum of money, he repaired to Gaza, crossed the desert, proceeded to Cairo, and shut himself up for several weeks in the great mosque, into which students and poor travellers were admitted, at the cost of that pious foundation. The rich mosques are in the East what convents formerly were in Europe; there are found prayer, religious instruction, and hospitality. The young fanatic intimated his design to the four principal sheiks of the mosque, who were at the head of the department of instruction. They were alarmed at his resolution, and at the consequences to which it was likely to lead; they told him that it would not succeed, and that it would bring great disasters upon Egypt; but still they refrained from apprising the French authorities. When this wretched man was sufficiently confirmed in his resolution, he armed himself with a dagger, followed Kléber for several days, but finding no opportunity to approach him, he resolved to penetrate into the garden of the head-quarters, and to hide himself there in an abandoned cistern. On the 14th of June he appeared before Kléber, who was walking with Protain, the architect of the army, and showing him what repairs would require to be done in the house, to obliterate the traces of the bombs and balls. Suleiman approached him, as if to beg alms, and while Kléber was preparing to listen to him, he rushed upon him, and plunged his dagger several times into his breast. Kléber fell under the violence of this attack. Protain, having a stick in his hand, fell upon his assassin, struck him violently on the head, but was thrown down in his turn by a stab with the dagger. At the cries of the two victims, the soldiers ran to the spot, raised their expiring general, sought and seized the murderer, whom they found skulking behind a heap of rubbish."

THE WIFE'S LAST FAREWELL TO
HER HUSBAND.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Speak, speak again, my gentle love,
My dying eyes no more can see,
But I can *hear* that cherish'd voice,
That ne'er spoke word unkind to me.
Ah! speak again, and be *thy* words
The last of earthly sounds I hear,
They ne'er yet failed my grief to soothe,
And now my drooping heart they cheer.
Take, take my hand, so wan and cold,
And press it as in days of yore,
Alas! it does not feel thy lip,
It thrill beneath thy touch no more.
Yet, yet I know that thou art near,
I hear thy breast with anguish swell,
Receive, my love, my latest sigh,
Now kiss me—bless me—fare thee well!

DOCTORS IN CHINA.

Father Rifa, a Romish missionary, came to London towards the close of Queen Anne's reign, and subsequently proceeded to Pekin, where he resided thirteen years. His description of the Celestial Empire is curious, but we consider his account of the treatment which the faculty met with, and that to which their patients had to submit, among the most entertaining which he has furnished. A lay brother of the Jesuits, he tells us, "having some skill in the medical art, had been commanded by the emperor to visit his twentieth son, who was ill. Either from not understanding the disorder, or from reluctance to give pain to the monarch, he pronounced that there was no danger. Not long after, the prince died, and the lay-brother was kicked, cuffed, and beaten so severely, by order of the emperor, that he fell seriously ill in consequence, and was now repairing to Macao, on leave of absence. This must not surprise my readers, for I can add that, while in Pekin, I was acquainted with some medical men who, having attended one of the imperial family, and not having succeeded in their treatment of the case, received a severe flogging, by the emperor's command, and, still smarting from the lashes, were sent to prison, loaded with heavy chains. Fortunately for them, another member of the imperial family was taken ill, and they were ordered to attend the patient during the whole of his illness, without, however, being freed from their chains. Having succeeded this time in effecting a cure, they were set free, but on condition that they must continue to wear round their necks a small chain fastened with a clasp, as a warning for the future. Taught by these and many other similar occurrences, the Jesuits, who were in the emperor's service as mathematicians, painters, watch-makers, surgeons, or in other capacities, would never undertake to serve him as physicians."

Father Rifa had himself a taste of the luxury of being under the care of a Chinese doctor. We question if even the homeopaths or hydropathists would approve of being confined in the event of the patient not getting well, as in the former case. It will be seen, however, that he did not think meanly of their skill upon the whole. Their practice, barbarous though it be, will give many valuable hints to their proud brethren; in Europe, at all events, they did not keep their sick man long on their books, for the sake of fees. Rifa says, "I was commanded to follow the emperor to his country residence, together with Father Tilisch, in the capacity of a mathematician; Father Rod, in that of a surgeon; Father Parrenin, and Don Pedrini, as interpreters. We all set out together on

horseback, but, before we were out of the city, my horse slipped, and I was instantly thrown, receiving frightful wounds in my head and other parts of my body. As my companions did not dare to stop, they recommended me to the care of two heathens, and left me fainting in the street, where I remained in this state for a considerable time. When I recovered my senses, I found myself in a house, but everything appeared dark and indistinct, and I felt as if I had fallen from my horse two months before. The emperor sent me a Tartar surgeon, for he and his court were fully persuaded that for falls Tartar surgeons were better than Europeans. And, to confess the truth, although the mode of treatment was of a barbarous description, and some of the remedies appeared useless, I was cured in a very short time. This surgeon made me sit up in my bed, placing near me a large basin filled with water, in which he put a thick piece of ice, to reduce it to a freezing point. Then stripping me to the waist, he made me stretch my neck over the basin, and, with a cup, he continued for a good while to pour the water on my neck. The pain caused by this operation upon those nerves which take their rise from the pia-mater was so great and insufferable, that it seemed to me unequalled. The surgeon said that this would stanch the blood and restore me to my senses, which was actually the case; for in short time my sight became clear, and my mind resumed its powers. He next bound my head with a band, drawn tight by two men, who held the ends, while he struck the intermediate part vigorously with a piece of wood, which shook my head violently, and gave me dreadful pain. This, if I remember rightly, he said was to set the brain, which he supposed had been displaced. It is true, however, that after this second operation, my head felt more free. A third operation was now performed, during which he made me, still stripped to the waist, walk in the open air, supported by two persons; and, while thus walking, he unexpectedly threw a bowl of freezing cold water over my breast. As this caused me to draw my breath with great vehemence, and as my chest was injured by the fall, it may be easily imagined what were my sufferings under this infliction. The surgeon informed me that if any rib had been dislocated, this sudden and hard breathing would restore it to its natural position. The next proceeding was not less painful and extravagant. The operator made me sit upon the ground; then, assisted by two men, he held a cloth upon my mouth and nose till I was nearly suffocated. 'This,' said the Chinese Esculapius, 'by causing a violent heaving on the chest, will force back any rib that may

have been bent inwards.' The wound in the head not being deep, he healed it by stuffing it with burnt cotton. He then ordered that I should continue to walk much, supported by two persons; that I should not sit long, nor be allowed to sleep before ten o'clock at night, at which time, and not before, I should take a little hifan, that is, thin rice soup. This continued walking caused me to faint several times; but this had been foreseen by the surgeon, who had warned me not to be alarmed. He assured me that these walks in the open air, while fasting, would prevent the blood from settling on the chest, where it might corrupt. These remedies were barbarous and excruciating; but I am bound in truth to confess that in seven days I was so completely restored as to be able to resume my journey into Tartary."

THE OLD ENGLISH FIRESIDE.

The domestic habits of Englishmen in former days we always read with avidity. To trace the progress of refinement in the growing comforts of life is with many a favourite study. Such it appeared to have been with Mr. Bernan, who gives the following animated description of the comforts found in the olden time, or at least in the days of our great grandfathers.

"To protect themselves as well as they could from the effects of currents of air, our ancestors had wooden screens or other fences impervious to the air behind their seats. In handsome apartments, these screens were ornamented in a variety of ways, and made as may now be seen in old mansions, with several leaves; they were sometimes as high as the door, and always a little higher than the mantle of the fireplace, and very lightly framed; some of them could be extended upwards of twenty feet. In farm houses and kitchens, the seat and the fence were united, and formed one piece of substantial furniture that was occasionally made very ornamental. Round a large fire, by means of the high-backed form, they were kept warm by the radiant heat falling on their persons, while the air they breathed was little heated; and, according to Williams, an admirer of the times gone by, their lungs did not receive such a sudden shock when they moved from their seat, as ours do when we leave our close, carpeted rooms. It is clear, he thinks, that our ancestors were not so subject to diseases arising from debility as we are; they almost may be said to have lived in the open air, for in the houses of all classes the apertures of the chimneys were large, the windows and doors badly fitted; and when a fire was kindled in the apartment, the change of air must have been so very rapid, that a thermometer placed in such a room could

have stood but a few degrees higher than one fixed out of doors. The shops were all open, like those of the modern fishmongers and butchers; and warmth in the parlours opening into these roofed areas must have been out of the question. The excellent arrangements introduced by Jones, Wren, and others into houses, greatly improved everything connected with comfort and convenience. Rushes on the floors in towns had nearly disappeared, except in churches; and mats and carpets, according to a modern phrase, were looking downwards into the best room of the aspiring tradesman. Cushioned chairs and stools, curtains to windows, were common, and the use of mirrors for ornament in rooms was beginning to give them a lighter appearance. The fire-places were, however, still wide and high, and the flues preposterously large. Wood and charcoal continued to be considered so much the preferable fuel, and a charcoal fire prepared for their gratification was still a mark of respect shown to his company by a coal burner. Sea-coals were, however, employed in the palace of William and Mary, except in a few apartments. The bed-chamber of the king and queen, and some rooms in the care of the pages, the withdrawing-room and privy-chamber, and the apartments of the maids of honour, and council-chamber, were supplied with billets and charcoal; in the other rooms sea-coals were burned. Thirty-six pounds a year were paid for 'making pit coal fires in the presence and guard chambers on both sides'; and in the same establishment, fifty pounds a year were paid to the gentleman of the ewry for 'sweets for their majesties' linen,' and orange flower for their royal hands; and a yeoman of the ice-house is allowed ninety-one pound for filling the pits with ice—which must have been so rare a luxury in England, that very few could know how to use it—and none, perhaps, thought of applying it to cool the air of an apartment. Coals were now the staple fuel, but the dealers in fossil, at the accession of king William, had not lost their original and ancient name of wood-mongers; they then lived on the wharfs, kept horses and carts of their own, bought their coals at Billingsgate of the masters of the ships, and were there plied by the lightermen for the carriage of their coals from the ship's side to the wharf, as watermen now ply for passengers at the landing-places and stairs; larger ships, however, coming daily to be employed in the trade, whose cargoes were too large for any one or two wood-mongers to purchase and dispose of, the lightermen took the hint to do what the wood-mongers could not; by which means, from carriers they at once became traders of a superior class, and found themselves in a position to treat those who had

been their masters, as their customers—perhaps like their dependents and understrappers."

The Gatherer.

Agricultural Problem.—In 1463, the country gentlemen complained in the House of Commons that the price of corn was injuriously lowered by the large importation of that commodity from the north of Germany. There is to be found, in the history of the fifteenth century, the commencement of the sliding scale. In 1436, it was enacted, that corn might be carried out of the kingdom without licence, when wheat was at the price of 6s. 8d., and barley at 3s. per quarter; and in 1463 the importation of grain was prohibited, unless these prices were exceeded in the home market.

Goldsmiths.—Strange as it may sound to those who are in the habit of purchasing trinkets, now-a-days, formerly it seems to be imagined that those who sold such articles could cheat, and impose trash on their credulous patrons instead of articles of real value. The goldsmiths, in 1477, were required to inhabit the open streets, "where better and more open showing is of their craft."

Ancient Trees.—The Winfarthing Oak is said to have been an old tree at the time of the Conquest; Cowper's Oak, in Northamptonshire, is supposed to have been planted in the time of William the Conqueror; the Saley Forest Oak, in the same county, boasts a much greater age, as it is supposed to have seen one thousand five hundred seasons; its trunk is forty-six feet in circumference; the Flitton Oak, in Devonshire, of the *sessiliflora* variety, supposed to be one thousand years old, is thirty-three feet in circumference at one foot from the ground.

The Historian.—The word historian is derived from a Greek word, which signifies simply "a knower," and history itself, in its original signification, is identical with "science." Homer was "a knower;" and this probably made Pisistratus so anxious to see all his verses collected together.

Life in Australia.—December 8.—No rain. Nothing to be done. Go again to Melbourne. Much amused to-day by the ceremonious politeness of a native woman. There she stood in a perfect state of nudity, a little way from the road, smiling, or rather grimacing; for there is nothing of heart or intellect in that movement of the black countenance. She waved her hand and head to me, not ungracefully; the trick imitated from some Melbournite. The blacks are admirable mimics, catching up to the life civilised speech and action. 'Good morning, sir!' say the piccaninies

with the utmost gravity. 'Where you go?' asks another. There is something inexpressibly ludicrous in the circumstance that these ugliest pieces of human nature are heard singing in Melbourne, "I'd be a butterfly."—Richard Howitt.

Victory a Calamity.—"Believe me, nothing, excepting a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won; the bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from the greater evil, but to win such a battle as this at Waterloo, at the expense of so many gallant friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune, but for the result to the public."—Duke of Wellington.

Instinct in Birds.—A pair of swallows built their nest in one of the first floor windows of an uninhabited house in Merion Square, Dublin. A sparrow took possession of it, and the swallows were repeatedly seen, for some time, clinging to the nest, and endeavouring to obtain an entrance to the abode they had erected with so much labour. All their efforts, however, were defeated by the sparrow, who never once quitted the nest. The perseverance of the swallows was at length exhausted; they took flight, but shortly afterwards returned, accompanied by a number of their congeners, each of them bearing a piece of dirt in its bill. By this means they succeeded in stopping up the hole, and the intruder was immured in total darkness. Soon afterwards the nest was taken down, and exhibited to several with the dead sparrow in it.—A. S. W. L.

Mitfères of Morocco.—On entering the city of Morocco, among the first objects that fix attention are a series of sunk caverns, called mitfères, being fast receptacles for corn, in form nearly resembling gigantic oil jars, constructed with an interior coating of cement of most extraordinary hardness, capable of containing about an English wagonful of corn, and lining both sides of the great northern entrance to the city (for several miles in extent,) at the distance of about ten feet apart. The corn placed here with a top cemented over the mouth of the jar, which is about three feet wide, may thus be preserved, for years, in the most perfect state. Of late years they have been suffered to fall to decay.

Queen Elizabeth's Favourite.—Dr. Dee in his memoranda, tells, that on July 12th, 1581, the Erle of Leicester fell fowly out with the Erle of Sussex, Lord Chamberlayn, calling each other traytor, whereupon both were commanded to kepe theyre chamber at Greenwich, where the Court was."